

## Grisha don't get sick

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# Grisha don't get sick

by [Allegra\\_writes](#)

## Summary

For an eternal, immortal being over 600 years old, Aleksander can be remarkably childish - and clingy- when he gets sick.

He's lucky his wife is a literal saint.

Just a domestic, fluffy, feel good blurb, because this fandom needs more of that.

He was a pitiful sight. He truly was: chest heaving, cheeks rosy with the unhealthy crimson of fever, alabaster skin paler than usual, on his hands and knees on the palace floor, no doubt after having lost his balance, but, somehow, I couldn't bring myself to pity him.

"I hope now you listen to me, and finally go to bed" I scolded, stopping right on front of him, hands on my hips. He looked up at me with glossy unfocused eyes,

"You sound like Baghra" He accused, making me roll my eyes.

"Well, if you were half as stubborn as a child as you are when you're sick, I think I can empathize with her"

"I'm not sick" He insisted, petulantly, even though he was letting me support most of his weight as I helped him get up, "Grisha don't get sick"

"Fine. Poisoned, then. Obviously, someone slipped you something, a mysterious new chemical that makes you manifest every single symptom of the Flu, designed solely for you, since none of our tasters seems affected by this poison" I snorted, bending under his weight. It was obvious we weren't going to make it into his bedchambers, so I changed course, setting on the nearest guest room, that luckily was only a few feet away.

He mumbled something that sounded suspiciously like "damn right" into my hair, his -way too hot- breath sending shivers down my traitorous body, that forgot to be annoyed at him.

Finally reaching the bed, I tried to untangle from him and drop him on it, but he held onto me, making us both fall on the mattress.

"Well, well, well... If this was the reason you wanted so bad to get me into a bed, my darling wife, you needed only ask" The seductive effect of his smirk was completely ruined by the coughing fit that started shaking his body even before the last word was able to leave his mouth. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes yet again, instead getting up and away from him, despite his whining. He called my name, the genuine panic in his voice making me turn before reaching the door.

"Wait! Don't... Don't leave me, please!" He sounded so small, so vulnerable and unsure, I couldn't help but melt a little: There he was, the second most powerful Grisha in the whole world (the first being myself), the stoic, powerful Starless Saint who instilled fear in the hearts of our enemies and allies alike, reduced to a frightened, needy mess by a simple illness that hadn't been lethal in well over a century. Not to mention, he was actually immortal.

I shook my head. Men, they were all the same.

He pouted, misunderstanding my gesture.

"I'm not leaving, I'm just calling for a maid to bring us the tea the healers made"

"The healers already made the tea?"

“Yes, you might be in denial but luckily for you, your wife wasn’t. The kitchens are already fully stocked with herbal tea, and chicken soup”

“And ice cream? For my sore throat?” He ventured, hopefully. By now, Ravka’s eternal tsar’s sweet tooth was the kingdom’s worst kept secret.

“Yes, and Ice cream”

His replying smile was nothing short of beatific.

“Now, be a good boy, and stay there until I come back. Choose a movie for us to watch together, just-”

“No dramas” He smiled, trying to nod, but aborting the mission when the room started spinning around.

“No tragedies” I confirmed, practically sprinting out of the room, already in a hurry to get back to him as soon as possible. No, no tragedies, I thought. Only fluff, and happy endings for us. Forever.

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